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a height, and Carleton Wiggins by a well-painted "Evening in the Village of Grez, France," full of sentiment, while suggestive in treatment of a similar subject by Cazin. Wordsworth Thompson's "Port of Algiers," a shore scene crowded with figures, was bought for less than \$1000 by Mr. John T. Martin. It is the first American picture to find a place in his strong collection.

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AMONG other costly pictures lent by Mr. Martin was "La Charrette," a Corot for which he is said to have paid \$12,000. In spite of the poorly-drawn man and horse, doubtless there is much in it worthy of the master's reputation; but, as a genuine bit of nature honestly and well painted, I confess that I would rather live with Bolton-Jones's "Old Road to the River," which hung in an adjacent room, and for which Mr. W. C. Van Horne paid only \$1200. Mr. Martin's other contributions were Detaille's "Return from a Grand Manœuvre," "A Charge of Dragons at Gravelotte," a masterpiece by De Neuville, which hung directly opposite it and "killed" it, and "The Duel," by Pettenkoffen—a low-toned forest scene, with riderless horses in the foreground, the duellists being dimly seen in the middle distance—in some respects, certainly, the most masterly work in pastel ever exhibited in this country.

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MR. RICHARD B. HALSTEAD, having cleared about \$15,000 by the sale of his pictures, has gone on a trip to the Windward Isles, on the Pacific Coast, for the benefit of his health. His American pictures made him a larger profit even than was reported. The charming Inness, for instance, sold to Mr. John Byers for \$1475, cost Mr. Halstead only \$400, instead of \$650, and "A Woodland Brook," by Bliss Baker, which was bought, by the way, for Mr. Richard B. Angus at \$2300, cost \$800 instead of \$1000. Mr. Angus also bought the Cazin and Kowalski's "Whipper In." Erskin Nicol's "Giving In" was bought by another Montreal collector, Mr. Duncan McIntyre. Mr. Halstead is beginning to form a collection of Oriental porcelains. He has already a score or more important solid color pieces.

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THE general public has little idea of the extent to which the collection of porcelains is spreading in this country. Every one has heard, of course, of such connoisseurs as W. T. Walters, C. A. Dana, H. R. Bishop, Professor Morse, Brayton Ives, Thomas B. Clarke, William Rockefeller, J. F. Sutton, R. E. Moore, H. O. Havemeyer, Benjamin Altman, Cyrus J. Lawrence, S. P. Avery, H. G. Marquand, Robert Hoe, Samuel Colman, W. L. Andrews, and William Man; and Bigelow, Ames, Wales, Shaw, Cunningham and Allen, of Boston; but there are a score or more of quiet and intelligent collectors scattered throughout the country, the names of, at least, several of whom, I venture to say, even the dealers will hear of in these columns for the first time.

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In Philadelphia Messer, Lewis and Ashmead have representative collections of Chinese porcelains. In Washington there is Mr. L. Z. Leiler's choice cabinet, containing the largest specimen of old mustard crackle, which was once in the Colman collection. Mr. Nickerson, of Chicago, has not only a choice lot of porcelains, but precious jades. Mr. Parsons, of St. Louis, for some time past has been a liberal buyer. Mr. A. T. Plummer buys large solid color vases of old Chinese porcelain, and has a modest collection of very even merit. Mr. George R. Sheldon, who bought his first specimen only a few years ago, now has a case of little vases, the harmonious arrangement of which shows a nice taste. Mr. Joseph B. Decker, also comparatively a new collector, is slowly adding to a considerable array of plain and decorated vases. Mr. James H. Garland, whose collection is particularly rich in blue-and-white, recently bought for \$3500 the fine hawthorn vase shown at Bing's rooms, with the original cover. As a rule the covers for such pieces are made by Samson, of Paris.

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BETTER known is Mr. Silas C. Evans, who made his first purchase in 1877, and now owns a very rare lot of small pieces, his cabinet being especially rich in old Nankeen blue and white. Mr. William Churchill Oastler has also been a faithful collector for years, with a catholic taste which carries him into all phases of Oriental art; he has not only been a wise buyer of porcelains, but his collection of jades and lacquers indicates the real connoisseur. Mr. Lewis H. Blair, of Richmond,

is slowly adding to a collection of fine pieces of solid color begun a few years ago. Mr. Washington Wilson, of this city, has not only choice cabinet specimens but some handsome, large, decorated vases. Mr. Edward J. Chaffee confines his collecting to cabinet objects of Chinese porcelains and curios. Mr. J. C. Milbank is a liberal buyer of Oriental objects of a high grade. Another good customer with the dealers is Mrs. Frederick Goodrich, who, by the way, bought nearly all the fine mahogany chairs at the E. L. Henry sale. Other porcelain amateurs of modest beginnings are Mr. John F. Plummer, Mr. George R. Howell and Mr. Horace L. Hotchkiss. In Troy, the late Gardner Earl owned some large Chinese vases in solid colors and a choice collection of smaller specimens classified in cabinets with various Oriental curios. Mr. Thomas King, of Troy, is another porcelain collector.

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LET me pause here. My list is by no means exhausted, but I am sure enough new names are contained in it to whet the appetites of the dealers for some time to come. Some of the gentlemen whose names I have taken the liberty to give have studiously abstained, from one reason or another, from enjoying the reputation of being collectors. By no means an uncommon motive for this modesty is, I am told, the wholesome fear of "curtain lectures" by Philistine Mrs. Caudle, who could never be persuaded of the wisdom of the head of the family spending thousands of dollars on the acquisition of a few paltry knick-knacks, while she may be languishing for a box at the opera, or a new spring bonnet, to say the least. Mrs. Caudle will be much surprised, one of these days, when she becomes a widow, to find what a valuable asset has been left her by the dear departed in the form of the pretty toys, as they have probably seemed to her, which so unostentatiously have filled a case or two in the domestic drawing-room.

MONTEZUMA.

THE WILLIAM M. CHASE EXHIBITION.

THE collection of pictures, sketches and studies, by William M. Chase, exhibited at Moore's may be said to have been the most interesting exhibition ever held here of the works of an American artist. Those who think of Mr. Chase principally as the pupil of Piloty, and as an honored member of the Munich school, will be, according to the breadth or narrowness of their views, agreeably or disagreeably surprised at the variety of subjects, methods and aims of this versatile and extremely clever painter. He evidently appreciates the most different sorts of painters, Munkacsy as well as Whistler, Vollon as well as Velasquez; but he cannot be said to belong to any school, unless it be the modern school; and, whether impressed by a certain phase of art, or a certain aspect of nature, the work of his brush always expresses a thought or feeling of his own.

There were in the one hundred and twenty-three pictures and drawings shown, portraits, figure compositions, landscapes, marines, interiors, still-lives. There were charcoal studies, pastels, water-colors and oils. There were sketches which, when looked at closely, are mere assemblages of formless brush-strokes, and there were delicate, though never over-elaborate, studies. As for conditions of color and lighting, it seems to be impossible to set a bound which he will not overpass. A brown key, or a red key, or no key at all; a "symphony," or a cacophony; diffused or concentrated, subdued or glowing light, all's one to him; whatever eye can see, he is able to comprehend and reproduce.

To begin with the pastels: there was a "Study of a Silvered Glass Ball," reflecting from the flowers and foliage of a garden in which it is placed. There was a "Study of a Young Girl on an Ocean Steamer," in red dress and black stockings, an orange in her hand. There was a "Hasty Sketch of a Young Girl" leaning against a bush in a garden, with hydrangeas in flower in the foreground. "Sunlight and Shadow" play over the bricked pavement and many-tinted walls of a narrow Dutch courtyard in another. A canal tow-path, ascending to a bridge, a woman with milk-pails suspended by a yoke from her shoulders going up it, shows us "A Bit of Holland." A bit of unaffected nature, probably also from Holland, but which might be from anywhere else, was the "Putting out Linen" in a grassy lot between houses, the lowest part of whose walls only is seen. "Reflections" was a drawing of sky and sunlit leaves reflected in the shimmering waters of a canal. "The Last of the Season"

shows, at a Continental watering place, chairs and tables upset by the seashore, with a single lonely figure. And of figure-subjects in pastel there was the striking sketch, "Do You Mean Me?" and the serious and thoroughly studied portrait of the artist's wife.

There were in oils a number of exquisite little studies of land and water about New York, Coney Island, Long Island, and the Lower Bay. A girl in pink—back view, with features reflected in black-framed mirror—is arranging her hair and saying, "I think I am ready now." "The Orphan"—making believe very much, dressed in black, is reclining in a red easy-chair placed in front of a red curtain. "A Dreary Corner" shows an old stone house; doors shut and windows barred, and a pool of blood before the doorstep. "The Tambourine Girl" is in body color, the size of life, splendidly posed, with bust and head thrown back, and red-hooped tambourine held aloft. Two magnificent bits of still-life, "Fish and Pot" and "Fruit," are in oils. The pot is a brass one; the fish slippery looking, white and black, with pink mouth agape; there are a few indigo blue mussel-shells near him. The fruit is an apple and some grapes in a delft bowl, with a brass tea-urn standing by it. Either of these pictures might make the reputation of a man who had never painted anything but still-life. A "Head of an Egyptian Girl," in its painting of red drapery against a crimson background, throws Vibert's work in that way completely in the shade. "Pulling for Shore," on the contrary, is a bright and aerial, fresh and cool study of grays and greens. "Memories" is a girl in white leaning against a table strewn with prints and drawings. She holds one in her hand, the light thrown back from which comes upon her face. One may imagine the difficulty of painting such a picture, but, standing in front of it one never thinks of difficulties. "When One is Old"—the most poetical work in the collection—is painted in a very low key; it shows an old woman solacing herself with her Bible in a corner of a dimly-lit, poverty-stricken garret. "A Long Stretch of Country" is worthy of Michel. "Washing Day" is one good thing that has come out of Brooklyn. The women, the duds, the suds, all are good in it. "A Girl in Japanese Gown," in yellowish brown, has made herself at home by screening herself in with a Jap screen of the same color, or nearly. "A Summer Afternoon in Holland" is the big, distemper-looking water-color, painted with yolk of egg as a medium, as is the "Tambourine Girl" mentioned above. Both pictures created much talk a few years ago when exhibited at the Academy. The "Afternoon in Holland," it will be remembered, shows a man in a white summer suit, at breakfast outside of the house under a lime-tree, while a young girl is lazily resting in a hammock close by.

Of the many portraits, that of Whistler interested most people. The subject himself protests against it, and it is not surprising. He is hoisted with his own petard. At first sight the picture certainly does look like a caricature of Whistler's person, as well as of his method; but those who know the eccentric genius will recognize it to be the truth—the harsh truth—neither more nor less. "Little Miss Howell" is pretty; the "Portrait of a Lady—Black against Brown" is piquant. The well-known picture of the artist Duveneck, seen over the back of a chair, across which he is astride, is his strongest male portrait, as his "Ready for the Ride," in the Union League Club, is his strongest female portrait. His "Lady in Street Costume" is charming; the "Portrait of a Lady in White Gown" gracious and refined.

THE editor of The Art Amateur regrets to announce that of the one hundred and thirty-four designs for a new cover, submitted in the recent competition, not one has been found suitable to take the place of the present cover of the magazine. Those judged most meritorious were offered by the following competitors:

1. Edwin B. Child, Amherst, Mass.
2. George T. Tobin, New York City.
3. Elizabeth Willard, Knoxville, Tenn.
4. Louis J. Rhead, New York City.
5. R. Walker, London, Eng.
6. J. J. Hasselman, Grand Rapids, Mich.
7. J. Henry Snow, Boston, Mass.
8. L. L. Howe, Jr., Cambridge, Mass.
9. William Mason, Halifax, N. S.
10. Charles H. Goodridge, Lynn, Mass.

None of these, however, presented the necessary combination of simplicity, originality and appropriateness. The offered prize of \$100, therefore, cannot be awarded, and the difficult task of securing a satisfactory design remains still unaccomplished.